Cape County Herald

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CAPE GIRARDEAU - - MISSOURI

Experimenters are developing the wingless hen.

The season for Sunday accidents is at hand. Look out!

The coinage of a two-and-a-half cent piece would mean cheaper campaign cigars.

At a bull fight in France a bull killed a toreador, but usually the result is less gratifying.

The world is certainly growing better. Nobody has killed this year's peach crop yet.

Mary had a little lamb, and in this respect she stood one ahead of the Wall street of today.

Advocates of long sheets on hotel beds think that a tall man should not be punished for his size.

The season is arriving at the pivotal date for prices of coal to go down and prices of ice to go up.

A Pennsylvania man filled his pipe with gunpowder, thinking it was tobacco. And then it happened.

At any rate, infant paralysis does not appear to have made much headway among our infant industries.

Baseball can be played in any language, though some noisy persons in the bleachers will never believe it possible.

One out of every ten couples married in Iowa in 1910 were divorced. Evidently marriage is not always a failure.

The news that there is $300,000 lying in the government treasury unclaimed is sure to start a new crop of claims.

Archery is going to be revived this summer, but among girls with thin arms it will be no more popular than playing on the harp.

Mankind has been raising chickens for 6,000 years or so, and has not yet produced a king of the poultry yard with a soporific voice.

An insane old maid in Brooklyn has been found to possess $1,000,000, so doubtless she is an old maid by choice and not by insanity.

How big London is is illustrated again, by the fact that the city's total debt is officially reported to be a little more than $555,000,000.

One of the deplorable features of the British coronation is that it will cause a flock of alleged poems to be perpetrated on the innocent public.

A child labor law which would make it illegal for a boy to drive home the cows would undoubtedly be quite popular among the youth of our rural districts.

Boston women school teachers ask higher pay than men because it costs them more to live. If that is not a sign of the times we are painfully mistaken.

Not less important and worthy of ceremony than the christening of the baby, the amateur gardener thinks, is the arrival of the first mess of radishes.

A Chicago woman wants a divorce because her husband called another lady "Morning Glory" and "Honey Bunch. The "Morning Glory" might have been overlooked, but "Honey Bunch!" Oh, putty!

Thieves in Harlem stole a grand piano from a house. There must have been harmony in the gang to get away with a prize like that, and probably there was music in the air when the owner discovered his loss.

Flies and mosquitoes are to pass a strenuous summer, if all the plans for crusades against them are carried into effect. What they are preparing for the public may only be surmised, but unless the plans materialize it will also be something strenuous.

Scientists say flies hate blue paint and will not remain where the walls have been coated with it. If your kitchen is painted blue and flies continue to congregate there it is probably because your flies are colorblind.

London is to have a dock that will accommodate vessels 1,000 feet long. Of course Germany will have to proceed to construct one for 1,100 foot vessels. But that is more sensible than the Dreadnaught competition, since the docks will be useful for other purposes than those of destruction.

A noted philanthropist, in denouncing "the devil of sneering cynicism" who sits in the editorial chairs of modern journalism, declares that newspapers need young men who prefer $15 a week and to stay honest than $50 a week to doing otherwise. Why newspapers alone need a band of such noble martyrs he does not specify.

An Ohio woman in a divorce suit claims that her husband has not spoken to her in seven years. Probably the poor fellow never got a chance.

DIZZY BALL YARNS

ASTOUNDING STUNTS TOLD OF IN MAGAZINE BASEBALL FICTION.

HERO MAKES A BASE "KNOCK"

Uncle Ben Shibe Tells Good Story on Himself—When Dad Clarke Was Lost—Jim Delehanty's Batting Streak.

By HUGH S. FULLERTON.

Baseball is the great American game. Which statement is bromidian enough for anyone. I used to think that every one knew the basic rules and principles of the game—but no longer. I've been reading baseball fiction. The two exceptions to universal knowledge of baseball are magazine editors and magazine writers, to judge from some of the stories printed in the last year.

The most exciting yarn of all, printed seriously by one of the second class first class magazines had a wonderful climax. The score was 2 to 3 in the last half of the ninth inning. The bases were filled and the hero was at bat with two out. Now what do you suppose he did? The writer had him hit a home run, and ended up the game with the score of 7 to 3, and the hero being carried around by a wildly excited crowd of admirers.

Immediately after reading another story I released the hero unconditionally. It is rather odd, but the hero always comes to bat in the ninth inning, and I've never known him either to strike out or hit a fly. Indeed, in seven baseball stories I have analyzed within the last week the hero has batted .1000 and mostly home runs— and, as far as I can learn, no one has even drafted him. But this hero was a wonder. He was captain of the team. His great pal and assistant hero led off the ninth with a two bagger and was sacrificed to third. With one out and a run needed to win the game the next batter hit the ball a mile to center field. The fielder went clear back to the fence, leaped, caught the ball, hit the fence and was unconscious. Now, what do you suppose that runner on third did? Why, he calmly stuck around third base until the center fielder recovered consciousness and refused to score until the hero made a base "knock." (That's what the writer called it.)

The third hero was a pitcher and a wonder. In the ninth inning his team was in lots of trouble. The opposing team had the bases full with one out, and his rival was at bat with three balls and no strikes. The hero "pitched him three sweeping outcurves so far from the plate he missed them, and struck him out." Good walter, that rival. The writer even fails to record the sayings of the manager when the rival took his swings at those balls. One of the best bits of judgment in any of the stories was that of the captain who, in the eighth inning, with the score 5 to 0 against his team, got a runner to first base, then sacrificed, "to save the disgrace of a shut out." The opposing pitcher fumbled the bunt (no wonder, if he knew the game he'd be surprised too much to pick it up), and turned the tide, and the hero's team won. Just how he managed it I haven't figured out, for, according to the story, he bunted in

the eighth, led off the ninth with a hit, and then drove home the winning runs with a triple.

Mr. Beach ought to send a book of baseball rules to every editor who goes in for that sort of thing.

"Uncle Ben Shibe, owner of the Athletics, the world's champions, is one of the finest sportsmen in the country, and a man who would love baseball quite as much if he hadn't a ticket office, as with it. He is the friend of everyone, his own players, his rivals, the warring magnates and the fans. The brawls and quarrels and wars find him unconcerned, except to have a good team, and if his team loses he is the first to congratulate the conqueror. Last fall Uncle Ben told a story on himself for the first time."

At the time the American league robbed the National and took many of its star players, Uncle Ben was part owner of the Philadelphia National League club, now his rival, and although friendly even then with the American league club owners, he was loyal to his organization. Clark Griffith, now manager of the Cincinnati club, was working hook and nail to help Comiskey build up his Chicago American league club and, incidentally, grabbed every National league player he could get to jump to the American league. Griff was in Philadelphia and had been buying players so rapidly his cash resources were exhausted. It was night, and he could not reach Comiskey. One of the stars of the Philadelphia National League club offered to jump to the American league and sign a three year contract if Grif would give him $500 in cash. Grif was in a dilemma. He could not get the money until the next day, and by that time the opportunity probably would have been lost. Determined not to lose the man, Griffith went to Uncle Ben, borrowed the $500, and paid Shibe's own money to the player to jump from his club to the rival league. And instead of being angry, Uncle Ben thought it an excellent joke on himself.

Dad Clarke, the inimitable veteran pitcher, who for many years was one of the best known characters in the game, always was popular, no matter where he played—except in one city—and there was a reason for that.

Dad had been pitching for New York and was sold, receiving verbal orders and money to pay for tickets, berths and meals to join his new club.

Three days later he walked into a newspaper office in Cincinnati, called the sporting editor to one side, and said: "Say, old man, what team do I belong to?"

The astonished sporting editor pleaded ignorance, not having heard of the deal.

"Why, Dad, don't you know?" he demanded.

"I know it's Nashville or Louisville, or some of those Southern league towns," he said, seriously, "but I've forgotten which one. Will you wire on for me and find out?"

And when that story reached Louisville shortly after Dad reported for duty, he found himself the object of much dislike.

"I think," said Jim Delehanty, the hustling second baseman of the Detroit team, "that if some one would kick me between the eyes real hard, I'd lead the league in hitting."

"What's the angle on that remark?" asked Sam Crawford.

"If I were you," said Davy Jones, sadly, "I'd hire a mule to kick you three or four times, and maybe you'd hit a thousand per cent."

"I'll tell you what I meant," agreed Del. "When I went into the Tri-State league I was just a fair hitter, fair bordering on rotten. If I hit 225 I felt pretty good, and if I fell below that I wasn't much surprised. Well, I had been going along fairly well for a few weeks when one day I started to steal second. I intended at first to slide behind the bag, but the baseman changed position, and I tried to switch and slide in front. The result was I slid awkwardly and as he touched me out and blocked me his knee hit me bang between the eyes. I saw forty million stars and got up dizzy and feeling funny. Everything seemed changed, and I seemed to be looking through a veil all the time. Everything on my right side looked uphill and everything on the left downhill. For about ten days I was the worst hitter in the world, not excepting Jack Pfiester. It worried me. I think in three weeks I got two base hits, and what seemed funny to me was that I made both those hits off curve balls that fooled me. The fact is my eyes had been banged out of gear and I was swinging about four inches below where the ball really was and the only times I hit it was when it fooled me. I was all upset and ready to quit when one day I drew a bean on balls and tried to steal. The short stop was coming to cover the bag, and as I slid his knee caught me right between the eyes and knocked me cold. When I batted the next time I saw the ball perfectly, or thought I did, and up I went into the 250 class. A year later I got another crack between the eyes—and immediately improved still further in hitting. Now I'm waiting for the kick that will put me in the 350 class."

Crawford was silent for some time. Then he said:

"Say—did Lajoie ever mention being hit between the eyes with a pile driver?"

(Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

John D. Saves Gasoline.

John D. Rockefeller doesn't believe in wasting gasoline when he takes spins about Augusta in his touring car, and today he sharply rebuked his chauffeur, who was using gasoline when there was no need, says an Augusta (Ga.) Dispatch in New York World.

Mrs. Rockefeller, who is spending a few weeks here, went out today for an automobile ride, accompanied by three friends. The chauffeur sent the machine along at a merry pace, climbed a long hill, and as the machine began to rush down a long grade Mr. Rockefeller reached over and tapped the chauffeur on the shoulder.

"Say, Charlie," he cautioned, "shut off the engine and save the gasoline. You must never waste anything."

Charlie shut off the engine.

Children's Hats

FOR a girl somewhere above eight years the first hat is appropriate. As hats go, it is quite a simple affair with a broad, round crown and drooping brim which turns up in front. It is of chip or straw braid in a natural color. A big bow of ribbon spreads over the back with two hanging ends, and there is a full wreath of apple blossoms (those old-time favorites of childhood) about the crown.

One of the most successful of children's hats, which might with equal propriety be classed as a bonnet, is shown in the second picture. It is made of a thin silk to which lace braid is applied. The crown is a puff of the silk. The brim is made of three ruffles of the side-plaited silk over a single box-plaited ruffle edged with lace. Ribbon is laid in small loops about the crown and in a rosette of loops, finished with hanging ends, at the left side. Little clusters of June roses are placed about the brim and in the center of the rosette. This is a soft and charming piece of millinery art which may be made in any light color, to suit the individual taste.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

NEW STYLE FOR FOULARD

A good many contrasts of coloring and actual pattern, too, are notable in the new foulards; an absolutely diverse design being often interwoven in the one length of material, while several model gowns combine spotted foulard and plain twill silk or fine face cloth. So one has quite sufficient—and Parisian—precedent for bringing together the plain and spotted blue foulards, and, for further introducing—in the manner suggested by the sketch—graduated bands and flatly folded rosettes of black satin, a collar of the finest lawn, and a little frilled band to match, being other accessories of the corsage.

Surah Twill Silk.

Surah twill silk in solid color is a material which is claiming much favorable attention, says a fashion exchange. This is being used by the best model houses in Paris for making tailored suits and three-piece costumes. This new surah has a high-luster surface and is used in exactly the same manner as satins have been so freely employed recently.

Surah is especially well adapted for summer use in America. It is durable, sufficiently dressy for a handsome suit, light weight, and therefore comfortable for summer use in many parts of the United States. More than this, domestic silk mills are equipped to produce surah silks.

HAIR MUST SUIT TOILETTE

Notable Is the Revival of the "Bang," a Fashion Which Is Not Received With Joy.

Nowadays it is found convenient to change the style of hair dressing in order that it may agree with this hat or that dress. There are some toilettes that would be bereft of their effect, and even be made to look absurd, if the hair were not arranged in keeping.

The curled fringe, called the "bang," has been revived.

One reason for the justifiable revival of the light-curled lovelocks that stray about the forehead is the immense popularity of the short center parting, which is just a little trying without their softening influence; and another is the reinstatement of the heavy plait or the twisted drapery of hair which is used to frame the chignon. When the plait weights the hair over the forehead the counteracting effect of a few gossamer-like tendrils of hair below is requisite for the sake of elegance.

One of the coiffures of the moment illustrates the conical dressing that is becoming to the girl with a small face and mignon features. It is built up by means of a twisted drapery of hair which resembles a plait, and below it is a thick coil held in place by tortoise-shell prongs. The hair is carelessly undule beneath, so that the ears are hidden, and there are a few stray lovelocks on the forehead.

In another the plait is used as a coronal merely, and all the rest of the hair is curly except the childish-looking straight fringe.

The Volatile Waist Line.

Though the waist line is less versatile than it used to be, and is more and more inclined to assume the conventional position, the Empire effect is still to be seen. For reception and dancing gowns it is very graceful, and the soft outline it gives to the figure is delightfully picturesque. But for the street all this is out of place; it gives the wearer a silhouette that is untidy, and suggests a looseness that is altogether objectionable. In regard also to evening gowns the same fault may be found. So long as a toilette is to be worn chiefly while walking or standing, the short waist is permissible—even desirable—but for a dinner, concert or theater it is no longer so. The bust, unconfined, falls out of shape, and it is the realization of this fact that has led to so many of the newest evening bodices being made with swathed draperies and close fitting lines.

The Season's Colors.

Navy blues promise to predominate to a very great extent for outdoor wear. In the materials woven of two colors navy is often combined with deep plum, black or a brighter dark blue. Trimmings of red and white are vouchsafed to navy serges. Greens are very far from holding as high a place in the preparations for the opening season as they have done this winter, but combinations of blue and green are fancied, while mustard and rosedas figure prominently with all shades of deep yellow in the harmonies carried out in chiffon and satin.

WOMEN MAY AVOID OPERATIONS

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. **She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.**

Here is her own statement.

Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for seven months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

WHAT, INDEED.

Marion—Caroline says she paid $12 a dozen for those photos of herself.

Maxine—But they don't look a bit like her.

Marion—Of course not. What do you suppose she paid $12 for?

Musical Note.

A music teacher in a New England school was trying to make the children in the fourth grade understand the value of a triplet—to get them to know that three quarter-notes under a brace were equal to two quarter-notes.

She couldn't make them understand; and finally, in despair, she asked: "What are three little babies born all at the same time called?"

"Accidentals!" shouted a small boy, with a vague remembrance of the lesson of a week before.

Nowadays.

Grandmother—And now would you like me to tell you a story, dears?

Advanced Child—Oh, no, granny, not a story, please! They're so stodgy and unconvincing and as out-of-date as tunes in music. We should much prefer an impressionist word-picture, or a subtle character sketch.—Punch.

Sincere Prayer.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose a man gave you $100 to keep for him and then died, what would you do? Would you pray for him?

Tommy—No, sir; but I would pray for another like him.—The United Presbyterian.

COMES A TIME

When Coffee Shows What It Has Been Doing.

"Of late years coffee has disagreed with me," writes a matron from Rome, N. Y.

"Its lightest punishment being to make me 'logy' and dizzy, and it seemed to thicken up my blood.

"The heaviest was when it upset my stomach completely, destroying my appetite and making me nervous and irritable, and sent me to my bed. After one of these attacks, in which I nearly lost my life, I concluded to quit the coffee and try Postum.

"It went right to the spot! I found it not only a most palatable and refreshing beverage, but a food as well.

"All my ailments, the 'loginess' and dizziness, the unsatisfactory condition of my blood, my nervousness and irritability disappeared in short order and my sorely afflicted stomach began quickly to recover. I began to rebuild and have steadily continued until now. Have a good appetite and am rejoicing in sound health which I owe to the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little Book "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.